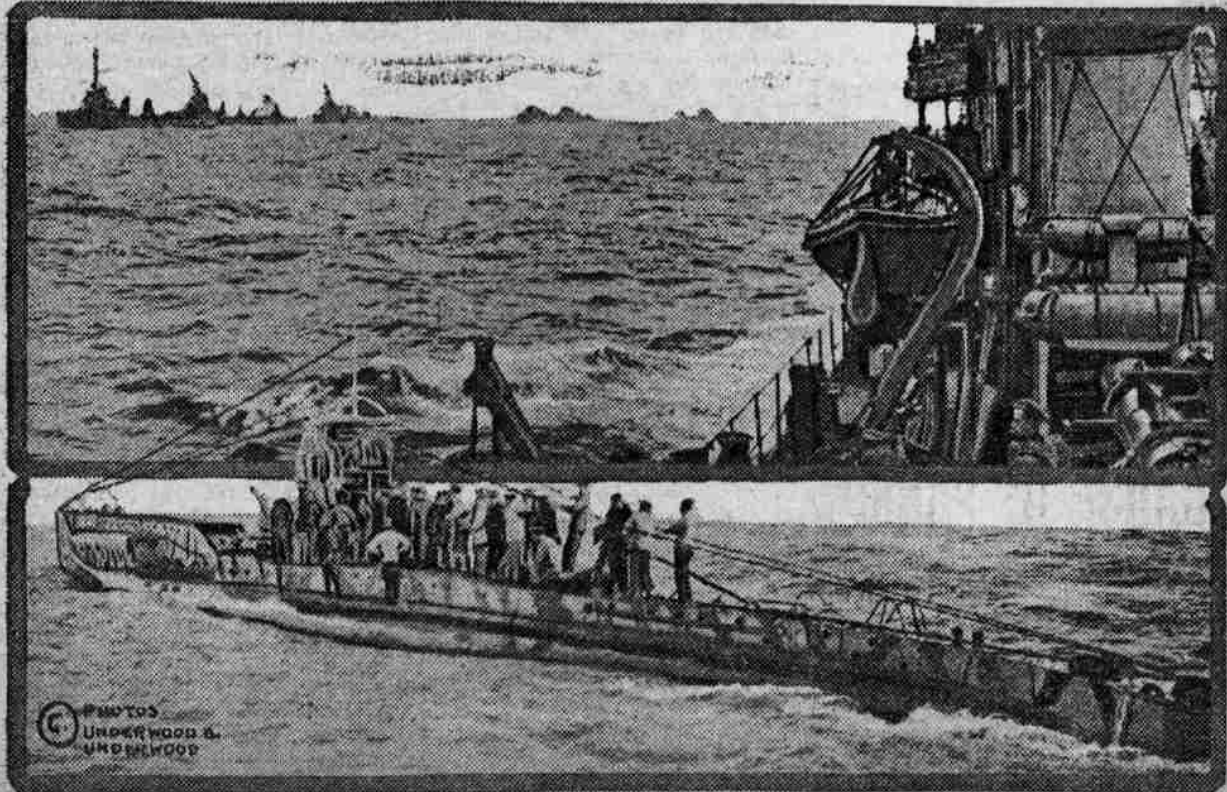


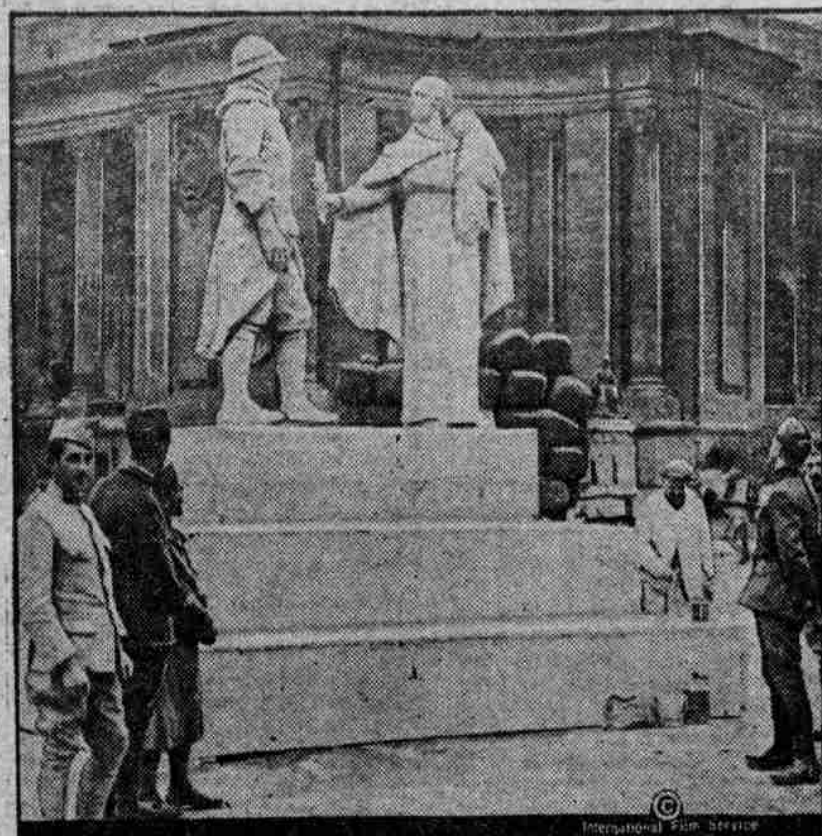
1—Disabled British soldiers getting fit again through physical training. 2—Americans of the Three Hundred and Fifth sanitary train washing in a French village alongside the French women. 3—American and French sailors in Brest harbor signalling an arrival as they did that of President Wilson's ship.

SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN HIGH SEAS FLEET



Above, a remarkable photograph showing the actual surrender of the German high seas fleet to the allied forces at Scapa Flow. The German navy is seen passing through a lane of allied aircraft. Below, a German submarine is shown with a British crew aboard en route to a British port after the surrender.

DEDICATED TO THE BRAVE POILUS



This statue of a French soldier returning to his home has just been erected in Paris near the Grand Palais and dedicated to the brave Poilus of France.

AFTER FOUR YEARS IN THE GRIP OF GERMANY



Refugees who have been held in the German lines for four long years, at last taken to a place of safety. This British naval official photograph shows the refugees being escorted in wagons by the British troops.

SENATOR FOR SHORT TERM



William P. Pollock of Cheraw, S. C., has been sworn in as a member of the senate from South Carolina. He will serve until March 4 and will then be succeeded by N. B. Dial. Mr. Pollock is given much of the credit for defeating Cole Blaise. He was elected on a pro-Wilson platform over two opponents. He is a lawyer and a farmer.

When Airmen Fight.

One imagines picturesque duels to the death, between A (the great French or English ace) and X (his German competitor)—the multitude of straining, upturned eyes, the distant rattle of shots, the flaming spin of the loser. As a matter of fact, a duel between two monoplane, handled by pilots of anything like equal skill, who are aware of each other's presence, is not unlikely to end without bloodshed. Bear in mind that they can shoot only forward, that the gun must be aimed by aiming the whole machine (to which it is fixed immovably) and that a twisting, climbing, banking airplane, traveling at over 100 miles per hour, is no joke to hit in its small vitals, and you can see that this must be so.

For Polishing Brass.

For polishing brass or copper, make a paste of rottenstone and cottonseed oil. If there are dark spots or stains, use a little oxalic acid solution to remove them, but rinse off immediately with warm water and rub over with the cottonseed oil.

Kindergarten Helps for Parents

Articles Issued by the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education and the National Kindergarten Association.

BABY'S INTELLIGENCE

By MRS. HARRIET HELLER.

It was to obtain important information one morning not long ago that I ventured to ask admittance to a beautiful rose-embowered cottage across the street from my new home.

A charming young mother met me at the door holding her baby on her arm. She endeavored to answer my question in a gracious and neighborly way, but was constantly interrupted by the child's cries.

While we stood there the infant was gently changed from one arm to the other, then put upon her shoulder. Later when we were seated within, she rested her upon her knee in the time-honored position supposed to give comfort to disturbed "tummies." All to no purpose. The little one fussed and fussed.

Quite naturally we fell to talking of babies. The young mother was thoroughly versed in modern lore; she knew rules, regulations, symptoms, remedies, foods and all the rest, and was enthusiastic about the modern science of bringing up infants.

"As far as I can see, there is nothing the matter with her," she said. "Possibly her teeth hurt her. She is young to have teeth, but sometimes you know—" and so on. The observation about the teeth was made in the same tone of voice, with a purely impersonal infection, which she would have used to say, "The machine is cutting the thread"—as if teeth were a contrivance to be adjusted by bolts and screws. Not once in my presence had she spoken to her baby.

Wanted to Be Noticed.

It was evident to me that her modern training, while essentially desirable, had largely destroyed the instinctive expression of the natural mother. To her, baby was primarily a mechanism, and if she did not know of any mechanical means of correcting an upset condition, she was quite at a loss what to do. Baby, for her part, it seemed to me, was persistently denying this classification. She was not only something, but somebody, and she wanted the fact recognized.

I thought at once of the way Froebel, the founder of the kindergarten, shows us how to meet such a need in his Mother Play book, and how I wished I could try it. Just then the young mother was called to the phone and I seized my opportunity.

Miss Baby was comfortably deposited on a couch near me, but after a moment or two continued fretting and tossing her hands restlessly. Leaning over her I touched the little fists gently, thinking this greeting. "How do you do, little one? You are getting to be a big girl, and you want some one to know. I believe you want some one to notice you and talk with you."

My touch must have aroused her notice because she gave heed. I next slipped my forefingers into the palms of her hands and baby-fashion she gripped them. "How do you like to hold my fingers?" I asked. Very gently then I began to raise her into a sitting position and she smiled as she felt her head leaving the pillow. When she could hold on no longer she fell back. Three times I did this, allowing her to fall back more quickly each time. Baby enjoyed the slight shock in falling, and in her little way increased in strength and in the consciousness of strength. She was now perfectly satisfied; her need for recognition and self-activity had been met.

Song for Baby.

The conversation at the phone still continued and while waiting I tried to recall the song to sing with this little game. In a few minutes, when baby was ready to play "Falling, Falling" again, I sang softly, lifting her this time by holding my hands at her back:

Down goes baby,
Mother's pet;
Up comes baby,
Laughing yet.
Baby will laugh at harm,
While beneath is mother's arm.
Down goes baby,
Without fear;
Up comes baby,
Gaily here.
All is joy for baby while
In the light of mother's smile.

Upon her return the little mother expressed great admiration for my skill as a baby-charmer. "It was quite simple," I said and described what had happened. She was much interested and wanted to know more about Froebel's Mother Play.

A few days later when she came to call I had my old worn copy of the Mother Play ready to show her. It surprised her to learn that this book which is used so much by kindergartners was written especially for mothers with children up to six years old, and she listened eagerly as I showed her the six or seven games which baby might play. My new acquaintance thanked me most appreciatively for the help I had given her and when she left she carried the little book away with her tucked under her arm.

QUESTION ABOUT BIRTH

By MARGARET WARNER MORLEY.

(Author of "Renewal of Life.")

Some day your child will ask where he came from, or where the new baby came from. In properly answering this natural question the mother has a

chance to impress forever upon the young mind a clean and wholesome knowledge of one of the most important facts of nature.

Let the mother strive for two things: to start the child with a beautiful and reverent feeling concerning the origin of life; to give this knowledge before the child can learn it in a harmful way outside the home.

It is well to anticipate the direct question by getting ready before the child is old enough to ask it. How to do this? Begin, perhaps, with seeds. Show the seed-pods of any plant. The seeds are the children of the plant. The plant gives them protection and feeds them with its juices. They are part of the plant. The plant is the mother of the seeds. When the seeds are ripe the pod opens and the seeds leave their mother to live their own separate lives.

Dwell upon the care the mother plant takes of her little seed-children, of the beautiful flower petals she wraps about the tiny pod. Speak often and reverently of motherhood. Make the little boy as well as the little girl understand and love the mother.

Lessons From Nature.

In the springtime show birds' nests if possible. If not, show pictures and talk about the building and how both parents engage in it. Then show or tell about the eggs. Explain how the eggs grow inside the mother-bird. They are a part of her just as the seeds are a part of the plant. When the eggs are ready the bird lays them in the pretty nest and sits on them to keep them warm. The father bird sings to her and feeds her. Both birds love the baby birds and as soon as they hatch out, father bird and mother bird feed them and care for them and teach them to fly. A hen sitting on her eggs can be used to teach the lesson. The egg grew in the hen. How wonderful it is that a little egg can change into a beautiful bird or a cunning little chicken! As the child grows older lead him to notice that the seed grows into a plant just like the parent, that the egg becomes a bird like the parent. Tell the child how important it is for children to come from good parents. Speak of parents and children when talking of plants and birds; this will cause the child unconsciously to connect the ideas gained about plants and birds with human life.

When a chance comes to show the child young kittens or puppies or rabbits, or the young of any animal, tell him quite frankly, whether he asks or not, that of course the young ones come from the mother, that before they were born they were a part of her. Make it all seem natural to the child.

Teach Mother-Love.

Dwell upon the love and care the mother everywhere bestows upon her children. Include father-love wherever possible.

When at last the great question comes, the child will probably answer it himself: "Mamma, did I come from you?" "Yes, darling, you were once a part of mother. How mother loves her little son (daughter)!"

Each mother will think of a way to tell the story according to circumstances. Only remember two things. Tell the story properly before anybody gets ahead of you and poisons the child's mind. And tell it in a way to make the child reverence and love parenthood.

READING ALOUD TO CHILD

By HAMLIN GARLAND.
(Author of "A Son of the Middle Border," Etc.)

The value of reading aloud to a child cannot be overstated. In the first place, it establishes a delightful comradeship between parent and child. It builds a lasting foundation of common interest and mutual understanding. The child associates with the face and the voice of his sire much of the dignity and poetry of the book he has heard read. He infers that his father has something of the quality of the author, and he carries with him a grateful memory of the busy man who laid aside his large affairs in order to give pleasure to a small boy.

A father's voice can vitalize the printed page to his son even before the son can comprehend the written words. I commenced reading aloud to my daughters before they could understand the spoken words, for the reason that the very music of the ballad or the drift of the story enthralled them. It was good to see them strive to comprehend. It developed their imagination. They are growing toward womanhood now and they are able to tell me that they remember those nights when I read to them, with an emotion which they find it hard fittingly to express. I gave them both, in this way, a feeling for glorious verse, and a love for choice words which has been of the highest value to them up to this time, and which will increase in value as the years pass.

His Portion.

They went their way through wooded lanes, "er fields and grassy mead, nor thought of wealth or wide domains, of danger took no heed. They talked of love—that song divine; they breathed the Eden air.

"Were the whole world of beauty mine, naught could to thee compare!" They talked of days of joy and bliss; her eyes shone like the sun. Smiling, she met his first fond kiss, nor loathed what she had won. They sat them down on clover sweet; his arm around her crept. She started, and en nimble feet fled his embrace, and wept.

The agony upon his face showed plainly love's first test. One bee had spurred her in the race, but he'd sat on the nest.—The Bits.

MAKE YOUR FUTURE SECURE

Easy Farming Methods in Western Canada and Certain Financial Benefits.

With your crop harvested and marketed, with the disposal of your cattle and hogs completed, you are ready to prepare your financial statement for the year. You will soon know what you have gained, and if the gain made in your farming operations has been up to your expectations and will meet your requirements. Probably you may have been the loser. Your land may have been productive, but it may have been too high priced. The cost of production has been too great. If you have had the remuneration you sought and are satisfied this article may not interest you. If your returns have not been satisfactory, or if your ambition leads you to the landable desire of bettering your condition, if you have dependents for whose future you have anxiety, you will naturally look around for some place, some opportunity that offers greater advantages and brings satisfactory returns. To the north and west of you lie hundreds of thousands of unbroken acres in Western Canada awaiting the husbandman, and ready to give of its richness to place you where you desire to be placed. For thousands of farmers from nearly every state in the Union the prairies of Western Canada have afforded wealth beyond what they had been led to expect. The excellence of the soil of Western Canada, which comprises the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, can only partially be told by the knowledge of some facts.

Every year for some years past the world's highest prizes for wheat, oats and barley have been carried off by grain grown on Western Canadian Prairies. Beef fattened on the grasses of these same prairies recently brought the highest prices ever paid on the Chicago market. Throughout the entire world the quality of Canadian grain, and Canadian beef and mutton, is recognized. To recite what individual farmers have done, the riches they have acquired would fill volumes. The case of James Wishart of Portage la Prairie is not an exceptional one. His wheat crop this past season yielded him forty-five bushels per acre, and the land upon which it was grown was broken forty-four years ago, and it has been continuously under crop except for an occasional summer fallow. At Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, samples of the wheat of 1918 weighed 68 pounds per bushel, and the yield was 40 bushels. Wheat crops at Condalet, Alberta, went as high as 38 bushels acre, while wheat crops near Barons, Alberta, had yields of from 25 to 30 bushels.

Records such as these speak in glowing terms of the excellence of the soil of Western Canada.

The war is over, and we are all settling down to a peace basis. There is a great world beyond the seas to feed and clothe, and thus is afforded the opportunity to lend a hand in the great work. Aside from the philanthropy in which you can play a part, there is the satisfaction of knowing you are amply providing for yourself and for the future of those who may be dependent upon you. Greater progress can be made in this and your own development by availing yourself of the advantages that Western Canada offers in its low-priced lands and high yielding values. There are good schools, desirable social conditions, low taxation (none on improvements) with an enjoyable climate, and the satisfaction of possessing a well tilled soil capable of producing abundant crops for which good prices prevail, at easily accessible marketing places.—Advertisement.

Disinfected.

"Salle Desinfectee." That is the most up-to-date note in invitation cards. For Paris, in the throes of the grippe, which has made so many victims, could not resolve to obey municipal injunctions and let her concert halls and theaters be empty. They were on the contrary fuller than ever, people feeling low and depressed flocking to places of amusement and distraction. So the managers of entertainments public and private evacuated the microbes after each great gathering of spectators or guests, and announce the fact on the bill or the card of invitation.

Youthful Misogynist.

Marie and Arthur like to play at "war." Arthur especially likes the game, always taking the part of a wounded soldier, Marie being Red Cross nurse. On one occasion Marie, getting tired of the game, said, "Let's play something else now, like 'getting married.'"

Arthur lay "wounded" on the floor, but raised his head and disgustedly said, "Nope, I'd lots rather get shot again."

Getting Too Realistic.

Rosemary and her brother Edward were playing when Rosemary said: "Now, let's play supposing you be papa and I'll be mamma." The game proceeded nicely until Rosemary said: "Papa, Edward was a bad boy today." Whereupon Edward said: "Oh, I ain't going to play no more—you're not supposing, you're playing real."

Cause of Roar of Waterfalls.

The roar of a waterfall is produced almost entirely by the bursting of millions of air bubbles.